

MAYBE.

Was it, then, so long ago, that I would sit and sigh, wishing that "some day" would hurry up? Waiting for the treasures that are stored in by and by? Longing for a draught from fortune's cup? When I wondered if the hopes I'd planted e'er would grow, Mother simply smiled and told me: "Maybe—maybe so."

How those gentle words have soothed the fiercely wistful heart! And the doubts which darkly press to-day Soften "neath the old affection's dear, unstudied art.

And the gathering shadows drift away, "Shall I find the fair completeness that it fain would know?" And a tender voice says softly: "Maybe—maybe so."

—Phyllis Johnson, in Detroit Free Press.



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

As Herbert saw them he started back, fearing that his work had not been sure.

"He is dead," said Dr. Davis, "one need not to look at his eyes to tell that; the film of death is over them."

Herbert breathed easier. "This must be the weapon with which the murder was committed," said the sheriff, as he raised from the carpet, where Angus had dropped it, the sheath knife.

"That is the weapon he held in his hands when my cousin and I entered the library, and I saw him turning from the bedside," said Herbert. "Blood covered the knife as it does now; also his hands and clothing, and on his face was the look of a fiend. I shall never forget it till my dying day."

"That blade," said the doctor, "passed entirely through the heart. Your uncle's death must have been instant. He could scarcely have made an outcry."

"Nor did he," said Herbert, "or we would have heard him."

"I never would have believed that Angus Bruce would have been guilty of a crime," said the sheriff, "much less a crime like that. Why, he kept his bank account with your uncle, did he not?"

"He did, sheriff. It was not financial matters that impelled him to do the deed."

"Was there a motive?"

"I can think of but one."

"And that?"

"Bruce loved the lady who on to-morrow night would have wed my uncle, and jealousy, I judge, caused the crime. He was desperate because he could not win Miss Hill. As he saved her from drowning, I suppose he argued that he was entitled to her hand, and I doubt not she would have preferred to drown to giving it to him."

"Did you first see him to-night when turning from the bed with the knife in his hand?" asked the sheriff.

"No, sheriff, I was down at the bank, until fully half-past ten, as I often am at night when getting behind, posting the books. When I was coming home, and on the corner below, I encountered Angus Bruce. He seemed greatly excited and agitated about something, and said that he bore a letter from Miss Hill to my cousin, and that he had promised to deliver it to-night in person. I told him that, as she had undoubtedly retired, I would take his note and deliver it in the morning. He said that would not do, as it was important that Miss Fannie should have it at once, and that he had pledged his word to deliver it."

"Strange! Strange!" said the doctor. "He then said that he must see Uncle John, and on business that would not brook delay. I knew that Uncle John had retired, but I also knew that immediately after his marriage he would be absent on a trip for several months. So, deeming that he wished to see him on business matters of importance, I conducted him into the house. I lighted the lamps in the library, knocked at my uncle's door, and told him that Angus was here, and desired to see him particularly."

"I have retired," he replied, "but tell Angus to enter my room."

"I told Angus to do so, and that in the meantime I would call Fannie. He entered this door, as I passed out into the hall; I ascended the stairs, knocked at my cousin's door, and informed her that Angus was below, with a letter for her from Miss Hill, and desired to deliver it to her in person; she replied that she would be down at once, and I went to my room, wondering at the excited state of Bruce, and what could be his urgency in wishing to see my uncle."

"I had taken off my coat and gaiters, when I heard my cousin's room door open, and I thought again of the appearance of Angus and hastily stepped into my slippers and joined her on the stairs. I have told of the horrible sight that met our view when we entered the library—the deed had been done. I cried 'Murder!' and would have tried to apprehend him, but for the dripping knife that he held in his hand. He advanced upon me, and, being unarmed, I could but fly and give the alarm. Fannie had fainted, and lay on the floor—Aunt Mag probably heard the commotion, as she is now with her."

"And Bruce?"

"He ran after me to the very door, sheriff, and as I passed out I closed it almost in his face; it being dark in the hall, he could not find the catch, so could not follow me."

"And you know not if he has left the house?"

"How should I?"

"Is the Clara Belle in port?"

"I know not that, but I should judge not. He would hardly bring his schooner, when coming on such a venture,

unless he had entirely lost possession of his mind."

"Did Bruce leave behind the letter for Miss Lloyd?"

"That I cannot tell; she may be able to answer the question."

But poor Fannie was in no condition to answer anyone. All her happy and joyful anticipations had been turned to the greatest grief that her young heart had ever known. She could only wail:

"My father! Oh, my father! Murdered by Angus Bruce!"

Two or three of the gentlemen present went for their wives and daughters, to come and try in some manner to comfort her, while the sheriff with the coroner and the rest, with drawn weapons, searched the house, but they could not find Angus Bruce.

"If the Clara Belle is in port," said the sheriff, "she must be at Worth's wharf; she always ties up there; come, men, to the wharf."

"But did you question the negroes?" asked the doctor.

"No," said the sheriff, "of what use? Her testimony would not hold in law."

"True! True! I had forgotten." The entire party hastened to the river front. The Clara Belle was not to be found.

CHAPTER X.

"ANGUS! ANGUS!"

The following day an inquest was held over the remains of the banker, and as the evidence before the jury holding it accorded in all particulars with the statements made to the sheriff on the night before by Herbert Lathrop, it is useless to repeat it.

Fannie's testimony corroborated that of Herbert's in so far as his calling her after she had retired and notifying her that Angus Bruce was awaiting her with a letter from Miss Hill, and joining her on the stairs when she descended. And she stated:

"When we entered the library my eyes fell on the form of Angus Bruce turning from my father's bedside with that bloody knife clutched in his hand and a look of horror on his face. I fainted, nor did I subsequently see Angus Bruce again."

"You say, Miss Lloyd," said the coroner, "that on his features was a look of horror? Did you, or do you think, that the expression indicated one who was gloating over a deed of blood?"

You remember your cousin said the look was fiendish, which would imply as much?"

"I thought the look one of amazement and horror; the knife he held at arm's length and there was blood upon his hand and clothing; yes, even on the bosom of his shirt—it was the blood of my dear father. I saw it all and then—and then I fainted."

Here Fannie burst into a flood of tears.

"Miss Lloyd," said the coroner, "did Angus Bruce leave behind a letter from Miss Hill?"

"Not to my knowledge; when I revived I was lying on a sofa and there were bloody finger marks upon my dress. Aunt Mag said that before flying from the house Angus raised me to the sofa."

"Perhaps," said the sheriff, "he had no letter from Miss Hill, and merely made the assertion as a pretext to get into the house."

"That question Miss Hill could doubtless settle," said Herbert; "but one thing to my mind is clear—his expectations were to have the deed over and over traces on his person, and to have entered the library and closed the bedroom door before my cousin descended the stairs. Of course he did not expect to see me again, and when we both confronted him so suddenly, with all the evidences of his guilt before us, the reeking knife in his hand, he was struck dumb. He knew that he must fly for his life and thus lose all that he had hoped to gain, as the result of his crime; if indeed he hoped for gain at all. He doubtless thought the murder would not be discovered till morning, and that it would be believed the work of burglars who had entered the house after he had left."

"Everything would indicate as much," said the coroner.

The jury speedily found a verdict that John Lloyd had been murdered by Angus Bruce, and officers were dispatched in all directions for his apprehension. Two were instructed to proceed to Smithville on the Sunshine, which departed at once, bearing a letter from Herbert to Abner Hill, informing him of his uncle's murder, and requesting the presence of himself and family at once.

Many people were on the wharf when the Sunshine departed on her downward trip.

"Should you encounter the Clara Belle on your trip down, board her and make a thorough search," said the sheriff to his officers.

"I had expected the Clara Belle up, on last night's tide," said a gentleman standing on the dock. "I had chartered Angus for a trip to Charleston; he should have taken in his cargo to-day."

"The schooner may have been here, Mr. Murchison."

"If it was," said Murchison, "and Angus fled on her, and at 12 o'clock, you will not encounter the Clara Belle. Why, the tide began to ebb at 12 last night, there was a good stiff breeze down the river, and the Clara Belle, without a cargo, would skim the water like a thing of life, and by five o'clock this morning would have passed out the inlet."

There was a young man standing on the deck of the Sunshine in the uniform of a lieutenant of the regular army. Few recognized in him a youth they had seen many times in his boyhood days, on the streets of Wilmington, with Abner Hill, and yet this youth was the squire's youngest son, Tom, who now for the first time in eight years, with two or three exceptions, when he had been home on short vacations, was returning to Orton.

For four years he had been at school at Hillsboro, N. C., and for the last four at West Point military academy. He

had now graduated, received his first commission, and was on his way home to attend the weddings of his brother and sister, and await orders.

"Excuse me," said the sheriff, addressing the young lieutenant. "But are you not Squire Hill's youngest son?"

"I am so, sheriff; thought some one would recognize me. This uniform and the past few years have changed my appearance much, I suppose."

"Immense! why, when I saw you last, you were but a lad."

"Captain, do you recognize Lieut. Hill? He'll go ashore at Orton. Give him Lathrop's letter to the squire, he can deliver it."

"What, Tom! The lad that used to stand at the wheel with me, whenever he could get the chance? Tom, my lad, your straps ain't caused you to forget old friends, I hope?"

"No, captain, I wanted to see who would recognize me."

"Well, here's the letter, Tom, and sorry news you'll be the bearer of, to Orton."

"Yes, I know," said Tom, "I heard all about the murder of Mr. Lloyd at the hotel, and in my pocket I have the morning paper: it will doubtless be a sad blow. I had expected to attend two weddings to-night; now I expect there will be naught but mourning during my stay."

"Cast off lines," shouted the captain, and the Sunshine went puffing down the river, bearing the brother of Clara Hill to make glad her eyes, and in his pocket a missive to her father, calculated to throw the family of Abner Hill into consternation.

Arrived at Orton landing, the little steamer drew up to the pier for a moment, and Lieut. Hill stepped upon the wharf; his baggage was placed beside him.

There was no one there to meet him, so leaving the baggage on the wharf he proceeded to follow up a rice-field bank to the house, which he approached from the rear.

The first one he encountered was Uncle Jobe at the back piazza. The old man was busily engaged adjusting some fishing tackle to a bamboo pole, and didn't notice his approach until he was right upon him.

"Morning, Uncle Jobe, how do you do? How's the gators?"

"It was only necessary to mention alligators in order to arouse Uncle Jobe. 'G'way from me! g'way! who is yer?"

Here Uncle Jobe looked up.

"Bress de Lawd, if dat ain't Mars. Tom—boy, I've skeered on yer—you is a sogger fer true, but who tle yer about dem gators? Da's what I want to know."

"Dat news got clear to Virginny. Whoo! Uncle Jobe mus' be a berry portan' man in he ole age. I spee young Miss writed to you 'bout dat."

"Never mind, Uncle Jobe. I'm glad to see you, young man."

"Is yer, young marster? Is yer fer true? Bress yer, boy, den I don't keer 'bout de gators."

"Heaven bless us!" said the squire, who here came out on the piazza; "if here ain't Tom; come up, you rascal," and in a moment more Tom was on the piazza getting hugged and squeezed by the whole family.

"Where is your baggage, boy?" asked the squire.

"On the landing, father; no one met me."

"How could they, son, when we didn't look for you until five o'clock? Jobe, run to the barn and tell Corbett to send a cart to the wharf for your young marster's baggage—he quick, now!"

"Yes, I've gwine, marster, but I isn't gwine to brel my neck tryin' to run, kase if I does I'll neber git dar."

"Alligators, Jobe, alligators!"

"G'long, marster, g'long!"

"What boat did you come down the river on, Tom?"

"The Sunshine, father; Capt. Harper's boat."

"Why, she was chartered to bring down the bride and groom, also the wedding guests. They were to leave Wilmington at three o'clock—what a miss, Clarence?"

"I don't know, father; possibly they have chartered some other boat."

"Let us go in, father, and I will tell you all."

They entered the large sitting-room; between it and the parlor in front the broad folding doors were thrown back, and the two rooms were beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers of many hues. The myrtle, the ivy and the mistletoe were interwoven with the larkspur, the boughs of cedar, cypress and pine. Green moss hung in festoons from the corners of the picture frames—all told of preparations for the anticipated event.

"Well, son, we are here; speak now. There is an air of mystery that I do not like."

"This letter, father, and the morning paper that I have in my pocket, will explain it all. But first, I pray you, listen to me. I need not say how sad it is to be the bearer of ill news, and news like this I have to tell, but—"

"Speak out, boy! speak out! no ifs or buts—something is amiss, I see."

"One marriage, I trust, father, is but postponed for a time; the other is deferred forever."

"What! What!" exclaimed the squire.

"Fannie!" said Clarence, in alarm. "Is Fannie—?"

"Fannie is well, Clarence, but in great distress, for her father is no more. He died last night."

Tom stood close by his sister's side, as he feared that she might faint, but she did not. True, her face paled, and her voice was agitated as she said:

"Brother, his death was very sudden."

"Almost instant," replied Tom.

"A strong and well man but two days ago," said the squire, "and dead! Dead on the day he would have wed my daughter."

"He retired in his usual health last night, father."

"And yet, you say, died instantly."

"Father, he was murdered."

"Murdered! Murdered!" exclaimed each listener.

"Murdered in his bed, or sitting on the bedside."

"And it is known who committed the crime?" said the squire. "I know that he trusted his nephew, Herbert Lathrop. Was it he?"

"It was not Herbert, father, but the blade of a sailor's sheath knife was driven entirely through his heart by the hand of Angus Bruce."

"Angus! Angus!"

The name broke on the stillness of the room in a wail of anguish, and Clara Hill would have fallen to the floor had not Tom caught her in his arms. He bore her to a sofa and, leaving her mother ministering to her, the squire and his sons left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOWNRIGHT MEAN.

A Man Who Had Followed His Wife's Methods Altogether Too Closely.

"John," said Mrs. Bancks, "as you will have to stay in the house until your cold is better, why can't I go over to Chatham and visit sister Jennie?"

"You can," said Mr. Bancks, with pleasing alacrity.

"And you will run the house?"

"You bet I will!"

"You won't run it into the ground?"

"I guess not."

"Well, I'll tell you just what to do each day that I'm away."

"You don't need to, Mary. I've learned all your methods by heart. I can give you the schedule in half a shake of a lamb's tail."

"I don't believe you know the first thing," said Mrs. Bancks, doubtfully.

"Yes, I do, and I'll prove it. I begin the day by beating the new milkman down several cents on a quart, the saving going toward future matinee tickets."

"John Bancks, I think you're real mean!"

"I will manage to have a day's washing done in half a day. That will go to pleasure rides on the street cars."

"You're just horrid, so you are."

"I will obtain all the neighborhood news by going across the street to borrow a pattern from Mrs. Smith. The bread will burn black while I'm away, but you always say that burned bread is wholesome, so that won't matter."

"Oh, indeed, and what next?"

"I shall then sell ten dollars' worth of old clothes to the ragman for \$1.50 and subscribe for the 'Perennial Encyclopedia,' to be delivered in installments, at a dollar a volume, for 40 years."

"I am not going away a step," said Mrs. Bancks, resolutely. "Any man that's as mean as you needs watching." And she gave up her visit.—Detroit Free Press.

Few Sunstrokes in Japan.

"This is my first visit to America, and I am delighted with everything but the weather," said Mr. T. K. Date, a bright young Japanese gentleman. "I am greatly astonished to read in your papers of the number of people who die from excessive heat. In Tokio we have three months of very hot weather, just about the sort that you have in Washington, but it is a rare thing for any of our countrymen to expire from sunstroke. I think one reason that such deaths are infrequent in Japan is that the people dress in much lighter clothing than they do in the United States. They also are more temperate in the matter of food and drink, eating no meats and drinking no very ardent spirits. The rice beer that the natives make contains some percentage of alcohol, but it isn't strong enough to do much harm."—Washington Post.

Recreation in Variety.

No one has any conception of how much of pleasure and recreation there is in variety until after having some experience in a careful attention to such things. The utmost pains should be taken to vary meals as much as possible. The number of dishes served at each meal need not be increased, but much thought should be given to making the different breakfasts, dinners and suppers as unlike as can be. It is much less monotonous to have a moderate number of viands varied in every way each day than to have a fuller bill of fare from which to choose, knowing in what form each article of food will appear.—Mrs. Boulden, in Ladies' Home Companion.

The Mystery Unveiled.

He—They tell me Greider never kisses that wealthy affianced of his. What can it mean?

She—You've never seen her, have you?—Detroit Free Press.

He Could See More of It.

Husband—Do you know, my dear, that I never get tired looking at that photograph of you.

Wife—Why don't you have it framed and hung up in the club?—Tit-Bits.

A Subtle Distinction.

"I suppose you have music at the hotel?"

"No; but we have a band."—Harper's Bazar.

—The worker wasps, like the worker bees, are smaller than the queens or males.

BRADLEY'S MESSAGE.

The Governor Recommends Many Reforms to the Extra Session.

Mob Violence—Plans to Increase Revenue—Delinquent Taxes—Criminal Prosecutions—Salaries and Elections—State Appointments—Relief for Litigants—House of Reform.

FRANKFORT, Ky., March 15.—The governor's message to the legislature follows:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives: The session of the legislature called to order on the 12th inst. was confronted with a large floating debt and an insufficient revenue to pay current expenses.

Your attention was called to this and relief requested at the last session. You were asked to enact laws to abolish unnecessary offices, reduce salaries, curtail expenses, provide necessary revenue, prevent mob violence, but each of these recommendations passed unheeded, the result of which is that the financial credit of the state has suffered seriously, expenses have increased and mob rule has prevailed to an extent never heretofore known in this commonwealth.

MOB VIOLENCE.

Since your adjournment a number of citizens of the state have been atrociously murdered by cowardly mobs. In some instances, although guarantees of protection had been given, they proved mere ropes of sand, and although courts were in session, and in one instance the defendant on trial, the sanctity of the law was ruthlessly ignored. Deceit, outrage and murder committed under pretense of purifying society and punishing crime. No apology or excuse can be made for such conduct. Those who congregate and conspire to take human life are legally guilty of criminal acts, and those who live they seek or take, for no crime is so base and repulsive as that committed under cloak of pretended vindication of law. Such action does not deter criminals or prevent crime. Its effects are direful upon the community and bring the administration of justice into contempt.

The condemned criminal suffers fearful and indescribable punishment and torture as he confronts certain approaching death and notes the silent passage of the hours that bring him nearer to eternity. Society is impressed with his harrowing position, and thus a legal condemnation and the execution which follows, inspire horror in the mind of the doomed man and fear in that of the would-be murderer. The action of a mob, on the other hand, begets a spirit of lawlessness and disregard for human rights, and is the work of only a few moments, leaving in its wake an indelible stain on the locality where it occurs, dealing out punishment the swiftness of lightning compared to that inflicted by the law, is actual relief.

Not only has human life been lawlessly taken, but rights of property have been disregarded, and midnight raiders in the counties of Franklin, Woodford, Lewis, Madison, Anderson, Fleming, Lincoln, Mercer, Washington and probably others, have with impunity intimidated citizens, closed and destroyed tollgates and houses and openly defied the law.

The civil authorities have failed, up to this time, so far as I know, to convict and have almost universally failed to arrest any of the murderers and raiders who have thus disgraced the commonwealth. This is a sad commentary on our civilization.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

At your last session you were earnestly asked, in my first official communication, to take steps to prevent and punish mob violence. Thereafter, another message was sent to you, recommending the enactment of a law making the counties in which such outrages were committed responsible in damages to the legal or personal representative of the victims, and giving change of venue to other counties, in order that a fair trial might be had. The same measures are now recommended, together with such provisions as will make counties liable for loss of personal injury where death does not ensue.

It is further recommended that in cases where prisoners in confinement may be armed, without thereby enabling them to escape, the officer having them in custody shall have the right to arm them in order that they may resist such attacks. No mob would be able to stand before the prisoner fighting for his life and the jailer or sheriff fighting for his office.

STATE INDEBTEDNESS.

The manner in which claims against the state have been hawked about and discounted, their holders fleeced and shamed, is discreditable. Following is given a statement of the present condition of affairs, and you are most earnestly requested to enact such measures as will liquidate the existing debt and promptly pay current expenses, so that the credit of the state, and those to whom the state may become indebted, will not suffer in the future.

PLANS TO INCREASE REVENUE.

It is suggested that the passage of a well-regulated law increasing the license fees of wholesale and retail liquor dealers, druggists and distillers would produce considerable revenue. The same may be said of increased license fees on pool and billiard tables and other similar devices, and of special taxes for the sale of tobacco, cigars, etc.

The license fees for circuses and other entertainments might well be increased. A fee of \$2 might be charged for each commission issued to an officer.

DELINQUENT TAXES.

Under the present law a large amount of land is sold to the state for delinquent taxes. Under the decisions of the courts these sales are null and void if all the steps required by law for the collection of taxes by the sheriff or personal representative of the taxpayer have not been strictly complied with. It is suggested that a law should be passed compelling the sheriff, before he can receive credit from the auditor for his land sales, to produce evidence that all the necessary steps have been taken to make the sale a legal one, and thereby insure greater care on the part of sheriffs and greater security to the state in the purchase of these lands for delinquent taxes.

There is no sufficient provision in the statutes for the collection of delinquent taxes on personal property. In the large cities especially, an enormous number of lists of delinquent personal taxes are allowed by the fiscal courts and credited to the sheriff each year. After the sheriff has received credit for them he has no incentive to further attempt to collect them, as the 4 per cent is too small to recompense him for the trouble of levying and making the proper search for property on which to levy on this class of taxes. A law should be passed authorizing some person, other than the sheriff, to collect these taxes, and either provide for the payment of said person out of the amount collected, or add to the amount of taxes so delinquent an amount sufficient to pay for the trouble in collecting same.

There should be no delay in correcting these evils, and great good, in my judgment, will accrue to the state if prompt action is had.

CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS.

There is no branch of the public service which is so onerous to the taxpayer as criminal prosecution. For years, up to the last (of which no record has yet been made), these expenses have steadily increased. For the second time I most respectfully recommend the reforms included in a former message.